

TERMS

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THE HUSSAR'S SADDLE.

Old Ludovic Harts always regarded his saddle with the deepest veneration; and yet there appeared nothing about it capable of exciting his idolatry. It was a Turkish saddle, old, and deeply stained with blood; but to the brave Ludovic it recalled a tale of other days, when ardent, young and enthusiastic, he first drew his sword in defence of his country, against his enemies.

He had been opposed in battle against the invaders of his native Hungary, and many an unbelieving dog had his good sword smitten to the earth. Various had been the fortunes of the war, and too often was the glory of the holy cross dimmed by the lustre of the triumphant crescent. Such sad disasters were seldom alluded to by the brave Hussar, but he loved to dwell on the successful actions in which he had been engaged.

It was in one of these combats that suddenly cut off from his party, he found himself surrounded by four infuriated Turks.

But the recollection of you and your angel mother, would Ludovic say to his daughter, nerved my arms. I was assailed by all my opponents. How three fell, I know not; but severe and long was the conflict with the last of my foes, whose powerful arm was raised against me. Already I saw my wife a mournful widow, and my child fatherless, and these dreadful thoughts infused fresh vigor into my arms; I snote the infidel dog to death, hurled him from his steed, and rifled him as he lay. At this moment several of the enemy appeared in sight, but I was too much exhausted to renew the perilous conflict. My gallant horse lay wounded and in the agonies of death; I threw myself on the Turkish courser, forced him on at his utmost speed until I regained my squadron. The saddle was steeped in the blood of my foe, and mine mingled with it. When a cessation of hostilities permitted the troops to rest for a space from the horrors of war I hastened with the treasure, which during the campaign I had acquired, to my home, and purchased these fertile fields around my dwelling and forgot for a season the miseries of war.

The good Ludovic could here pause.—He still retained a lively recollection of his lost wife, and he could not bear to narrate the circumstances of her illness and death. After this sad event, his home became hateful to him, and he resolved again to engage in the arduous duties of a soldier. His little Theresa was kindly adopted into the family of his only brother, and there, after a lapse of some years, our good Hussar found her blooming in youthful beauty.

Ludovic arrived only in time to close the eyes of his brother, who, on his death bed entreated him to bestow Theresa on his only son, when they should have attained a proper age. Grateful for his almost parental care of his child, and moved by the situation of his brother, whose whole heart seemed to be bent on this union, Ludovic promised that when his daughter should have obtained the age of eighteen, she should become the wife of Karl, provided Karl himself desired the connexion at that time, and satisfied with this promise the old man died in peace.

This engagement was concealed from Theresa, but it was known to Karl, who exulted in the thought that this rich prize would one day be his. With low habits and a coarse turn of mind, the delicate grace of Theresa had no charms for him, he loved her not, but loved the wealth that would one day be hers and which he looked on with a greedy eye. The thousand soft and nameless feelings which accompany a tender and generous passion, were unknown to Karl. It was a hard task to him to attend his gentle mistress; nor did he ever appear disposed to play the lover, except when some other seemed disposed to supply his place. It was at a real fete given by Ludovic to his neighbors at the termination of an abundant harvest, that Karl first chose openly to assert his right. He had taken it for granted that he should open the dance with Theresa. What then, was his indignation, when on entering the apartment, her slender waist was encircled by the arms of a young hussar, moving in the graceful

waltz! The evident superiority of his rival, whose well knit limbs, firm step and martial air, formed a striking contrast to his own clownish figure and awkward gait, only increased his ire, and in violent wrath he advanced to Theresa, insisting on his right to open the dance with her. Theresa pleaded her engagement; he persisted; she refused his request, and laughed at his anger. He became violent and rude. The hussar interfered, and the quarrel rose so high as to draw Ludovic to the spot.

Karl, in a voice almost choked with passion, laid his grievances before him.—Theresa, in a tone of indignation, complained to her father of his insolence, and appealed to him whether she was not at liberty to select any partner for the dance that she thought proper.

"You have no such liberty!" thundered forth Karl. "You are my betrothed wife, and as such you belong to me alone."

Theresa cast on him a smile full of scorn and contempt, but it faded as she looked to her father, and a deadly paleness overspread her countenance as she inquired, "Father does this man speak the truth?"

"He does my child," was the reply; and she dropped insensible at his feet.

The young hussar now knelt down beside her, passionately kissed her fair forehead, and raised her in his arms, bore her to an adjoining room, followed by the father and Karl. Theresa slowly revived. At first she saw no one, and breathing a faint sigh, murmured, "it was all a horrid dream!" An agonized groan started her into perception and agony. She looked up and saw her father standing before her with folded arms and a countenance clouded with grief. Karl also stood near with an exulting smile; and the hussar knelt beside her, but his face was buried in his hands. She then found that it was no dream. She looked at her father.

"Father is there no hope?"

"None, my honor is pledged."

She then turned to the hussar, and placed her cold hand in his; then rising suddenly, threw herself at the feet of Karl. "O Karl, have mercy! I love another—you do not love me—have pity on us."

"By all the powers of heaven and hell you shall be mine! Theresa!"

"I appeal to my father."

"Will your father violate his promise to the dead?"

"No I will not," said Ludovic with solemnity.

"Then Theresa," exclaimed Karl, with fiend like exultation, "no power on earth shall save you from being mine!" and thus saying he left the house.

Theresa rose from her knees, and threw herself into the arms of her lover. The presence of her father was no restraint on her pure tenderness. The tears fell on his manly countenance, but his concluding words, "that he must hold it sacred," threw them into a new paroxysm of grief.

"We must part then, Arnhold," said the weeping Theresa, "we must part—oh can we survive this cruel blow?"

"No," said Arnhold, "No, I cannot be without you, let us once more entreat your father to have pity on us," and the youthful lovers threw themselves at his feet.

"Arnhold!" said Ludovic, sternly, "thou a soldier, and ask me to tarnish my honor! Arnhold felt the appeal; he started up, raised the weeping Theresa, cut off with his sabre one long bright lock, embraced, and kissed her, placed her in the arms of her father and fled.

Every passing day carried with it some portion of the fortitude of Theresa, as she saw the approach of the period which was to consign her to a state so dreadful. Three little weeks were all that lay between her and misery. Ludovic endeavored to soothe her, but she would not be comforted. Had even her affections been disengaged, Karl would have been distasteful to her; but with her affections placed upon another, the idea of this union appeared insupportable.

"My child!" would Ludovic say, in interrupting a passionate burst of grief, "by what magic has Arnhold gained possession of your heart?"

"He is an hussar," replied Theresa.

There was something in this reply which moved Ludovic; he recollected that he himself had imbued the mind of the daughter with the sentiments of respect and esteem for the character of a good soldier; and conscience reminded him that he had too often exhorted the profession of arms above the peaceful and unobstructive occupations of the husbandman. Was it wonderful then, that Theresa should have imbibed any of this spirit? or that she should have yielded her heart to one who possessed courage to defend her, and tenderness to soothe her, under the afflictions of life? Arnhold dwelt near them; he had been the playmate of Theresa, and with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, they often listened together to the warlike exploits which the good Ludovic delighted to relate to them; and to these conversations might be attributed the passionate desire of Arnhold to adopt

the profession of arms. Accustomed to see them play together as children, and liking the society of the generous and spirited boy, Ludovic forgot the danger when their childhood passed away, of their affection assuming a totally different character. It was so, and Ludovic now saw with deep grief that his daughter was unalterably attached to the young soldier.

If Theresa was unhappy, her father was scarcely less so; he blamed his own imprudence; and on contrasting the character of the two youths, a violent conflict between his feeling and his duty arose in his breast; the stern honor of a soldier, triumphed, and he deemed himself bound to complete the sacrifice.

Unable, however, to endure the sight of her grief, he carried her to the abode of a youthful female friend, who formerly resided near them, but on her marriage had removed to a village about sixty miles distant. There he left Theresa, after he had received her solemn promise that she would return with him the day before that on which she would complete her eighteenth year.

"Father," said she, with a stammering voice, "I have never deceived you. If I live I will return; but do not grieve too deeply should my heart break in this tearful struggle."

The old hussar dashed away a tear which strayed down his sunburnt cheek, embracing his child and departed.

Time wore gradually away, and at last the day arrived which was to seal Theresa's fate. It found her in a state of torpid despair. Exhausted by her previous struggles, all feelings seemed dead; but her mind was awakened to new sufferings.—A friend arrived to conduct her to her father. The good Ludovic lay, apparently on the bed of death, and with breathless impatience Theresa pursued her journey.

On her arrival, her father's sick room was not solitary. The detested Karl was there, and there too, was the youthful hussar.

"My child," said Ludovic, "my days are numbered, my fate must soon be decided, and alas! yours also! To my dying brother I solemnly promised, that on this day I would offer you to his son for his bride. Without fulfilling my engagement I could not die in peace; even the grave would offer no rest. Can you sacrifice yourself for my future repose?"

"I can, I will," cried the unfortunate Theresa, sinking on her knees "so help heaven!"

"Heaven will bless a dutiful child," said Ludovic, with fervor—"Karl grew near." Karl obeyed—Theresa shuddered.

"Karl," said Ludovic, "you say you love my child, cherish her I conjure you, as you hope for future happiness. In her you will possess a treasure; but I warn you, she will bring you but part of my possessions."

Karl started and retreated a few steps. That however, continued Ludovic, "when I looked upon as my greatest earthly treasure, I give you with my daughter. You, Karl, believe me to have some virtues. Alas! alas! you know not the secret sins which have sullied my life—the rapine, the murder, but enough of this; I have confessed to my maker, and have obtained absolution, for the dark catalogue—but on condition that I leave all my wealth to the church as an atonement for my transgressions. I could not forget I was a father; I pleaded the desolate state of my child—I implored—I entreated; at length I wrung from the pious father his consent that I should retain my greatest treasure for my Theresa. I chose my saddle. Keep it, dear child, in remembrance of an affectionate father. And you Karl, are you satisfied to relinquish worldly goods for the welfare of my soul? Are you willing to take my daughter with this portion?"

"Fool!" exclaimed Karl, "doting idiot! how dare you purchase exemption from punishment at my expense? Your wealth is mine, your possessions must be the portion of my bride. I will reclaim them from the rapacious monks and tear them from the altar!"

You cannot, you dare not, replied Ludovic, raising his voice in anger; my agreement with your father had reference to my daughter only, my wealth formed no part of it.

Driveller! dotard! vociferated Karl—think you that I will accept a portionless bride? You must seek some other fool for that purpose: I renounce her.

Give her to me father! cried Arnhold; I swear to cherish and protect her while I live. Give her to me, and when she shall be the loved wife of my bosom, I will live for her, ay, and die for her.

Karl laughed in mockery. You value life but little, said he, to talk of sacrificing it for a woman. I never knew one worth the trouble of winning, and last of all Theresa.

The young hussar laid his hands on his sabre, Theresa threw herself between them. At the same moment Ludovic sprang from his couch, tore the covering from his head, snatched the saddle from the wall where it hung, seized his sabre, and with one stroke laid it open, and a

stream of gold, bezans, oriental pearls, and sparkling jewels, fell on the floor. Wretch! worm! vile clod of earth! art thou not justly punished? Hence, reptile! begone before I forget thou art of my kind, Ludovic raised his sabre, and the dastardly Karl fled without daring to give utterance to the imprecations which hung on his colorless lip.

Trampling under foot the costly jewels which lay strewn around, Theresa rushed towards and embraced her father, and exclaiming, is not this a dream! Are you indeed restored to me! Can this be real!

Forgive me, my child, exclaimed Ludovic, the pain I have been obliged to give your gentle heart. My effort to make that wretch resign his claim to your hand has been successful. Grudge not that part of our store has been appropriated to the holy church, not to purchase forgiveness of the sins I mentioned, and of which, thank heaven, I am guiltless, but to the blessed means of saving you from a miserable fate. Kneel down my children, ay, support her Arnhold; lay her innocent head upon your bosom, and receive the fervent benediction of an old hussar.

THE EMIGRATED INDIANS.

The condition of the tribes who have removed from their birth-places East, to new homes West, of the Mississippi river, has recently been the subject of frequent notice in the public prints. It very naturally excites great interest. From the inception of the policy of transplanting the Indians within the several States, apprehensions have been extensively felt, that in the remote region proposed to be assigned to them, they would be assailed by the indigenous tribes, and engaged in frequent hostilities. It has also been feared, (and the fear was founded on misconception or ignorance of the resources of the country allotted to them,) that, finding themselves straitened for the means of subsistence, they would supply their wants by depredations on the property of the frontier population, which would lead to bloody collisions between them. During and since the hostilities with the Creek Indians, an apprehension of a different character has been expressed, that, loaded by a sense of injuries, and exasperated by defeat, these Indians would not readily accommodate themselves to the new circumstances in which they were placed, but would be the first to stimulate or join any hostile movement against our people. And the impression seems to have been very general, that a war in that region was, to say the least, exceedingly probable; and that, in this war, all the emigrated tribes would as readily take part, as the wildest and fiercest of the yet untamed bands that range over the great Western Prairie to the Rocky mountains.

It gives us pleasure to say, that none of these apprehensions have been realized. Predatory incursions of the Prairie Indians there have indeed been, in which the new Indian settlers, have lost their cattle or their provisions; and these incursions have irritated the latter, and elicited threats of severe retaliation. But in every instance, it is believed—certainly in every instance in which a tribe has acted as such—retaliation has been made to wait the issue of an appeal to the Government of the United States. The emigrants have quickly adapted themselves to their new condition, and in hunting, but more generally in agriculture acquired far more than they required for their own subsistence. The Creeks who were removed the last year, in a state of angry, exasperated feeling, have almost literally turned their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks. And with all the tribes that have emigrated, and now occupy the extensive and fertile region Southwest of the Missouri, we have the surest guarantees of enduring peaceable relations, in their advanced state of improvement, in the large property actually acquired by them, and in the certain prospects before them of illimitable progress in knowledge and wealth.

We make these remarks introductory to an extract from a communication from Captain Jacob Brown, of the United States' Army, with which we have been furnished by the proper authorities for publication. Take the picture he presents of the condition of the Choctaws, and add to it a few features selected from the last annual report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, their common schools, academies, and churches; their council house, constitution, laws, administration; and where will be found an instance of more rapid progress, within five years of the first settlement in a region of which the soil was unbroken, and the resources of which were unknown? This information was elicited by a series of questions propounded to the several superintendents and others, proving the anxiety felt, and constant attention bestowed by the proper department on this most important and interesting subject of public concern.—Captain Brown has been, for the last three years, Principal Disbursing Agent for the Indian Department in Arkansas, and the country West of it, and has had ample opportunities for acquiring informa-

tion, which he has faithfully improved:

THE CHOCTAWS.

From their location and early emigration, stand first.

The principal part of this tribe were emigrated in the years 1832 and '3; preparations for their removal were made in 1831, and many of them left their old country late in that year; but few, if any, however, reached the new country till the spring of 1832.

The country inhabited by the Choctaws is extensive and exceedingly fertile; the face of the country is generally high, or what is called rolling; some parts of it mountainous, the whole is well watered, and has plenty of timber; there are some prairies, which, however, as well as the timber lands, are of first rate soil. The whole country is adapted to corn and stock; the Northern and Western portions to corn and wheat, and other small grain; the Southern part, bordering on Red river, to cotton.

The first year's emigrants made corn, not only sufficient for their own use, but had a considerable surplus, which was disposed of to government for issue to those emigrants that arrived in the fall and winter of that year. The next year (1833) the emigrants had a large surplus of corn, over and above their own wants, for market; over forty thousand bushels were purchased by the government, and fed to the emigrants of that year; since then, to the present time, those people have been equally prosperous in their agricultural pursuits; many of them have become extensive farmers, cultivating cotton, corn and possessing large stocks of cattle; they have cotton gins and mills of different kinds, as well as shops and mechanics; in fine, it may be truly said, that the Choctaws are rapidly advancing in agricultural knowledge, and in mechanic arts.

In travelling through the Choctaw country, one sees little, if any difference, in an agricultural point of view, from new frontier white settlements; their cabins are constructed with equal order and substantiality, and apparently with as many comforts and conveniences; their fields are under good fences; they have gardens, and cultivate fruit trees—peaches, apples, &c.; are civil and attentive to travellers; understand the value of money; and all of them, or nearly so, have in their houses the common luxuries of coffee, tea, sugar, &c.

Without going into a further detail in relation to this tribe, it must be apparent that they are rapidly advancing in civilization, and I have no hesitation in saying that for all comforts of domestic life, their resources are ample and abundant, and far better than could possibly have been anticipated, prior to their removal, in so short a time.

THE CHERKEES.

To this tribe has been allotted a very extensive, as well as a very fine tract of country; those parts over which I have travelled, possess a soil of very superior quality, adapted to the production of wheat small grain of various kinds, and corn of the largest growth; the whole country is finely and abundantly timbered, and well watered, and the climate is exceedingly favorable to stock.

But a small number of this tribe have as yet removed to the new country; those that have settled there, however, and many of them have been in the country several years, are, in a pecuniary point of view, will compare with the better classes of farmers in the States. As a people generally, they are agriculturists; and as such their resources are equal if not superior to one-fourth of the tillers of the soil in the old States.

THE CREEKS AND SEMINOLES.

The section of country set apart for these tribes is about the same extent with that of the Choctaws, but not so mountainous. The soil is considered to be equal in fertility to any in the South-western section of the country; it is also well watered, and has plenty of timber; there are some prairies, which, however, are of great advantage to the settler—the soil being rich and easy to cultivate, and they are very profitable for raising stock.

The Creeks are a corn-growing people; those that have been in the country some years, raise corn in large quantities; some of the principal farmers crib from five to ten thousand bushels of a season. They do not raise much stock, nor are they, as a people, so far advanced in civilization as the Cherokees and Choctaws—though as agriculturists, so far as raising corn, they excel either of the above named tribes. They raise stock sufficient for their own consumption, but none of any consequence for sale.

About four hundred Seminoles were emigrated last year; they reached, however, their locations too late to make a crop; their crops this year, I am informed, are not very promising; they are about changing their locations, they go farther West; their object is better hunting grounds.

The large number of creeks that emigrated last winter, have planted extensively, and have a prospect of plentiful crops; they are also collecting stock, and are laying the foundation of numerous herds of cattle, hogs, &c. The resources of this people are, at present, equal to all